*Per.* My purpoſe was for *Tharſus*, there to ſtrike
The inhoſpitable *Cleon*, but I am for other ſervice firſt,
Toward *Epheſus* turne our blowne ſayles,
Eftſoones Ile tell why, ſhall we refreſh us ſir upon your ſhore,
and give you gold for ſuch proviſion as our intents will neede.
*Lyſ.* Sir with all my heart, and when you come a ſhore,
I have another ſleight.
*Per.* You ſhall prevaile, were it to wooe my daughter, for
it ſeemes you have beene noble towards her.
*Lyſ.* Sir, lend me your arme.
*Per.* Come my *Marina*. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Gower.*

Now our ſands are almoſt run,
More a little, and then dum.
This my laſt boone give me,
For ſuch kindneſſe muſt releeve meē:
That you aptly will ſuppoſe,
What Pageantry, what pheates, what ſhewes,
What Minſtrelſie, what pretty din,
The Regent made in *Metalin*,
To greete the King; ſo he thrived,
That he is promiſed to be wived
To faire *Marina*, but in no wiſe,
Till he had done his ſacrifice,
As *Dian* bad whereto being bound,
The Interim pray, you all confound.
In fetherd briefeneſſe ſayles are fild,
And wiſhes fall out as thei'r wild
At *Epheſus* the Temple ſee,
Our King and all his company.
That he can hither come ſo ſoone,
Is by your fancies thankefull doome. *Exit.*

*Enter Pericles, Lyſimachus, Hellicanus, Marina, and others.*

*Per.* Haile *Dian*, to performe thy juſt command,
I here confeſſe my ſelfe the King of *Tyre*.
Who frighted from my Country, did wed at *Pentapolis*, the
faine *Thaiſa*, at ſea in childbed died ſhe, but brought forth a
Maid



Maid childe called *Marina*, whom O Goddeſſe weares yet thy
ſilver livery, ſhe at *Tharſus* was nurſt with *Cleon*, who at foure-
teene yeares he ſought to murder, but her better ſtarres brought
her to *Metaline*, gainſt whoſe ſhore riding, her fortunes brought
the maid aboord to us whereby her owne moſt cleare remem-
brance, ſhe made knowne herſelfe my daughter.
*Th.* Voyce and favour, you are, you are O royall *Pericles*.
*Pe.* What meanes the woman? ſhe dyes, helpe Gentlemen.
*Cer.* Sir if you have told *Dianaes* Alter true, this is your wife.
*Per.* Reverend appearer, no, I threw her over-boord with-
theſe very armes.
*Cer.* Vpon this Coaſt, I warrant you.
*Per.* Tis moſt certaine.
*Cer.* Looke to the Lady; O ſhee's but overjoyde,
Earely in bluſtring morne, this Lady was throwne upon this
ſhore. I opened the Coffin, found theſe rich jewels, recovered
her, and placed her here in *Dianaes* Temple.
*Per.* May we ſee them?
*Cer.* Great ſir, they ſhall be brought you to my houſe, whe-
ther I invite you, looke, *Thaiſa* is recovered.
*Thai.* O let me looke if he be none of mine, my ſanctity will
to my ſence bend no licencious eare, but curb it ſpight of ſeeing:
O my Lord, are you not *Pericles*? like him you ſpeake, like him
you are: did you not name a tempeſt, a birth, and death?
*Per.* The voyce of dead *Thaiſa*.
*Thai.* That *Thaiſa* am I, ſuppoſed dead and drownd.
*Per.* Immortall *Dian!*
*Thai.* Now I know you better, when wee with teares parted
*Pentapolis*, the King my Father gave you ſuch a ring.
*Per.* This, this, no more, you gods, your preſent kindneſſe
makes my paſt miſeries ſport, you ſhall doe well that on the
touching of her lips I may melt, and no more be ſeene; O come,
be buried a ſecond time within theſe armes.
*Mar.* My heart leaps to be gone into my mothers boſome.
*Per.* Looke who kneeles here, fleſh of thy fleſh *Thaiſa*, thy
burden at the ſea, and call'd *Marina*, for ſhe was yeelded there.
*Thai.* Bleſt, and mine owne.